



DIE SCHUL-  
SOLIGKEIT  
S.

STEN  
VOR-  
NEHM-  
STEN  
BOT-  
ES!

Number Seven

4 December 1971

DIS IS DA PLACE. This is where you find the world's largest Dip-  
lomacy game, 1971-B4, the Press Release Game. Whoopee.. Publisher:  
good ol' Grendel Press, P.O. Box 8542, San Diego, California 92102.  
You may telephone us at (714) 233-1574, as if you'd want to.

In this issue we present the final elements in our massive poetry  
contest, long may it rest. We also conclude our 1971 publishing schedule  
with our very best wishes to each and all for whichever of the coming  
holidays matter(s) to you.

Onward. Oh, by the way; this issue is quite short, compared to  
normal. Therefore it will not count against any of the subscriptions.  
(However, the next short issue will count. This, then, will be the  
effective policy for subs: every second short issue will count, the  
others will be free.)

Das Game. Fall 1902 Builds.

Russia builds F StP (MC). Germany refuses to retreat F Bel, which  
is thus annihilated; Germany builds F Kic, A Ber. No build was received  
from France.

Spring 1903 Moves are due on Wednesday, January 12, 1972.

Am I right, or just an alarmist? Are some of you losing interest?

Poems:

Editor's note: The following are the final entries in the poetry  
contest. A ballot will be distributed next issue, along with voting  
rules.

Category b - Rod Walker

HOW ITALY WILL WIN THE WAR

We will plot and we will scheme,  
We will some day reign supreme.  
We will conquer far and wide,  
And our opponents, woe betide.  
We will grow bigger and faster --  
But mainly we will bribe the Gamesmaster!



Category i - Bob Strayer

Up and down the waterfront,  
 Bleach and muck  
 And people grunt.

You haven't lived at least until  
 You've stopped a while  
 And smelled this swill.

Paper and plastic and solid waste,  
 Gives the water that  
 Colluloid taste.

This song I sing, not far from real,  
 Is written upon  
 A banana peel.

Man, it is said, evolved from apes,  
 But apes make good people;  
 They eat sour grapes.

Category c - Rod Walker

## VIRGINS ARE MADE, NOT BORN

The suggestion? Well, Mary didn't forbid it.  
 The consequences? Well, for a while Mary hid it.  
 She feared she'd be defamed,  
 Until a friend exclaimed,  
 "Confess; Joseph won't believe an angel did it!"

Category i - Eric Just

## EVOLUTION I

Hokus-pocus  
 Staphylococcus!  
 Used to be mild,  
 But since man started treating you with penicillin the forces  
 of natural selection acting on the variations in your species  
 caused by reproduction, sexual and asexual, as well as mu-  
 tation, have caused the weak to be eliminated and the fit to  
 survive and pass on those factors which allowed them to  
 survive to successive generations, making them tough and wild.

Category i - Eric Just

## EVOLUTION II

If Oparin is right about the beginning of life,  
 On a strange, hot Earth full of storm and strife,



With an atmosphere full of poison air,  
And electrical storms just everywhere;  
If life came from that random notion  
Then we are faced with this curious notion:  
All the biosphere, including man,  
Was formed from a planetary garbage can!

Category e - Rod Walker

"You are old, Father William, and your mind is too weak,  
For anything more vile than Makuen.  
Yet now GEBOTES is the thing that you seek;  
I fear it will lead to your ruin."  
"In my youth," said his father, "I refrained from such trash,  
Because it was without any merit..  
But when I am utterly stoned upon hash,  
I find I'm more able to bear it."

Category e - Harry Manogg

A flea nestled safely in hair,  
Spoke to one who was ambling on bare,  
"You're in danger, my friend,  
And your life may soon end.  
A rod walker just hasn't a prayer."

Category d - Eric Just

TRUSTY

Eric Just  
Man of trust  
You can trust him (he weighs 350)  
As far as you can throw him (very shifty).

Category x - Rod Walker\*\*

ODE TO THE ITALIAN FLAG

This is my guidon, flag that I love!  
It's on that pole there, flapping above.  
I am evermore your debtor,  
Flag of the first rank!  
I would like you even better  
If you weren't a blank.

\*\* Recategorized by editor. Submitted for g but is not in couplets.



(4)

Category h - Harry Manogg

CATS (to the tune of 'Maryland, my Maryland')

A tomcat came to my front door,  
Complaining that his balls were sore,  
They were so full of tom cat juice,  
Just jerking off was no more use.  
"O Mister can I fuck your cat;  
Tell me where pretty pussy's at.  
I'll grateful be forevermore,  
And sweetly perfume your front door."

Category i - Rod Walker

THE BED

You get up in the morning and you make your bed,  
Before you are shaved or showered or fed.  
You fluff up the pillow and straighten the sheet,  
And really work hard to make it look neat.  
You fluff and you pull, you tug and you fluff,  
But whatever you do is never enough.  
The sheet's still wrinkled, the blanket's uneven;  
This would try the patience of even St. Stephen!  
You smooth it out here, and tuck it in there,  
Resisting temptation to strip the thing bare.  
And after all that effort to dress it up, yet,  
Tonight you'll go to sleep and mess it up, yet.

Category j (?) - Rod Walker

SECRETIVE

When Franz Josef Haydn  
Was visiting in Leyden,  
He was asked, "You're writing a new symphony, we surmise?"  
And he replied, "Yes, but it's a surprise."

Category j - Conrad von Metzke

ADDITIVE

What do you expect from Haydn?  
Well, very often you might, and  
then again might not, expect a symphony;  
But you're just as likely to get three!

Category j - Conrad von Metzke

(on next page)



SUBORDINATE

5

Johann Michael Haydn  
Whom critics are always deridin',  
Along with Boccherini, is not too well known any more;  
Boccherini is the 'wife of Joseph Haydn,' and Michael is Boccherini's  
whore.

And thus ends the poetry contest, friends! Yep, that's all! Thank  
God from whom all blessings flow! OOPS! Wait a minute; one more that  
I forgot (this is an old-timer from the days of the California earth-  
quake scare a few years ago):

Category 1. - Dan Barrows

They say California is going to sink  
Down to the bottom of the oil-polluted drink.  
For this praise Allah who made man and the tse-tse;  
We'll be rid of Jamil and that goddamned von Metzke!

And finally we have a submission which will not categorize. The  
only possibility is c, but I am not aware that it should be placed there.  
If the author will advise, I shall put it there if it ought to be there.  
Otherwise, consider it just a bit of 'dessert'.

LIST

If some day it may happen that a victim must be found,  
I've got a little list, I've got a little list  
Of Diplomacy offenders who might well be underground  
And who never will be missed, they never will be missed.  
There's the pestilential nuisances who write three times a day  
And can't remember, ever, what they said in their last say.  
And the lady from the provinces who writes just like a kid  
And who can't remember day to day whatever she has did.  
And all those Germans who on moving Ber. to Den. insist;  
They never will be missed, they never will be missed.

There's the 'ally' whose diplomacy is only one small tool;  
A heavily mailed fist! I've got him on my list.  
Another 'ally' mopping out my moves like I'm a fool,  
And blames me when they missed; he never will be missed.  
There's the friend that always mails his moves the day that they are due  
Then ~~back~~ blames it on the mailman, the gamesmaster, and you.  
And the helter-skelter ally who just stabs you for the fun  
Of seeing how you crumble in a game that sure was won.  
And the ally who, on losing men, loses all his interest;  
He never will be missed; he never will be missed.



The ballot will be out with the next issue. All recipients of this magazine - players, subscribers, and any others - will be eligible to vote. You will vote for one poem per category; majority wins the category. (If no majority, a runoff between top two entries.) The grand winner will be the player who wins first place in the greatest number of categories. If no such winner emerges, the Gamesmaster will develop a method of breaking the ties.

And to all who participated: a heartfelt BARF!

You are well aware, aren't you, that we have fifty-seven entries?

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Of course by now the Gilbert and Sullivan Society and Eric Just are jointly after my neck for not recognizing Eric's poem source, and naturally I shall make the proper amends and formally classify it in Category E. (That's the one, 'List', on the previous page.)

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Very few standard press releases this time:

ST PETERSBURG: Tsar Nicholas today christened the Avenger, flagship of the Barents Fleet, now the second fleet in the Russian arsenal. For diplomatic purposes the fleet is referred to as the Third Fleet, as the Black Sea Fleet presently under control of the Duchy of Grand Sevastopol is considered Russian. The Tsar pledged continued support for the German Empire, and hoped for better relations with France. "We would hope that the French Republic would cease supporting the English butchers," stated the Tsar. No one seems to be too clear just what the Tsar can do about it if France does not.

SEVASTOPOL (CTR): General Popogorddiscounted Turkish inactivity as "more a logistics problem than a real withdrawal from battle," but again proclaimed that the Grand Sevastopol forces will not intervene in the Balkan Massif. "Of course, the Tsar is getting stronger and stronger, and we cannot afford to let him build up too much strength, but for now it is too early to see which way we should jump."

RANCHO SANTA FE: Advance elements of the 184th Infantry seized this northern San Diego County town in a pre-dawn attack. The Jamulian Infantry abandoned the town without a fight, feeling that pitchforks were no match for recoilless rifles. The main Jamulian weapon, extract of body odor, was nullified by the new M-17 A-2 gas masks issued to the party. The bodies of the 175th Military Interrogation Team were recovered and given burial with full military honors.

SACRAMENTO: Doctors at the Sacramento Medical Center today removed a nine pound, seven ounce tumor from local nurse H. Princetonia Garrigus. The operation made medical history, both for the size of the tumor and for its exact resemblance to a Jamulian, that is, "pseudopod in extensis."

SACRAMENTO: Nope; good try, but the flag of the Duchy of Grand Sevastopol is in fact in existence apart from my imagination. It flies proudly and frequently in both this country and Western Europe. However, the nation that it flies for is entirely mythical. Its source will be revealed at the conclusion (if ever) of this game.



JAMUL: Wrong again, Robert! The flag has indeed been identified by one of our readers - not a player. However, I don't intend to play dirty the way you play and wreck your fun, kill off your characters, and relegate your press releases to oblivion. I shall reveal my knowledge, and its source, privately. To you, that is. Then you can sulk and snivel in your usual obstreperous squalid fashion, and I will gloat gleefully. And the other players can keep guessing.

ESCONDIDO: Reports coming from this small city in northern San Diego County indicate that the encirclement of the Sacramento invaders is complete. The skirmish that completed this tactical/spectacle is known now as the Second Battle of San Pasqual, and it was this decisive engagement that completed the conquest and encirclement of the Sacramento filibusters by the 144th Combined Jamul/Potrero Fire Department Mobile Rescue Unit. Outnumbered 40 to 1, the Jamul forces nevertheless arrayed under the leadership of Col.-Gen. Alois Pernerstorfer-Mudduck and met the challenge. The Jamulians won the day by firing their resuscitator at the enemy, thus overcoming them with pure, clean oxygen. The engagement is also known as the Third Battle of Bull Run, because the Sacramento defence was entirely based on quotations from leaflets of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, causing Col-Gen. Pernerstorfer-Mudduck to remark, 'Jeezus, listen to that bull run out of their mouths. Quick, men, fire the resuscitator before they get within range of comprehension.'

JAMUL PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICE: Along with the glorious news from San Pasqual comes an even greater glory. The Jamulian 59th Secret Service Unit, disguised as people, reports the utter conquest of the Sacramento outpost called Rough and Ready. This important supply junction (it manufactures jelly beans, the staple of Sacramento K-rations) was overwhelmed in a matter of minutes by the simple expedient of hiring all the taxis in town for trips to Fresno. That accomplished, the rest of the unit attacked the city, and the Sacramento defenders, stranded without transportation, were unable to retaliate. Total losses to the Jamulians were \$150. in cab fares and one slight injury to an MP who got a blister on his hand from looking so many sets of handcuffs.

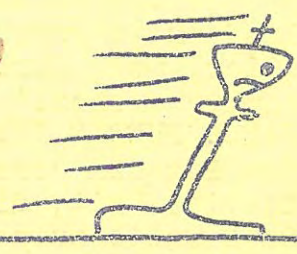
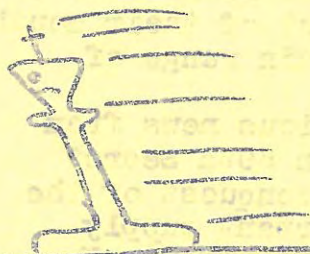
SACRAMENTO: Reliable sources report that the Garrigus obstetric thing was misreported. It appears to be the truth that, in actuality, a 198-pound tumor gave birth to a nine-pound, seven-ounce Dame H. Princes-tonia Garrigus.

HITHER, THITHER, AND YAWN: The news that Jack E. Leonard may really be alive has set off a mass campaign to raise funds for financing a rescue. Literally multitudinous hordes are responding to a plea for a one-cent per capita donation, a crusade called 'Penny for Lenny.' Opponents of the plan are countering with their own-slogan, 'Penury for Lenny,' which makes absolutely no sense but does get credit as a moderately tolerable pun.

Well, that's enough of that crap. Stay tuned for the next issue, which will undoubtedly waste a lot more dittos. Meanwhile, Chess Nuts is back overleaf.



# CHESS NUTS by Phil Fackley



A HORSE! A HORSE!  
MY KINGDOM FOR  
A HORSE!

